

# CLARKSVILLE EVENING CHRONICLE.

VOL. 1.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 4, 1888.

NO. 57.

## OWEN & MOORE

No. 47 Franklin Street

Call your attention to

**Their Large Stock**

—OF—

**Drugs, Patent Medicines,**

**Paints, Oils, Window Glass, &c.**

To country merchants and country physicians we propose to wholesale all goods in our line as cheap as they can be bought anywhere. We solicit the

**RETAIL AND PRESCRIPTION TRADE**

knowing that our facilities are not surpassed by anyone for giving entire satisfaction. And we do not forget to return thanks to our many friends for past favors.

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## FOX & SMITH,

**Hardware, Stove and Agricultural Implements.**

Olds Wagons,

Old Hickory Wagons,

Road Carts,

Meikle Plows,

And Oliver Chilled Plows.

## "GOLD DUST FERTILIZER!"

The best in the world for Tobacco, Corn and all crops.

Walter A. Wood Self-Binder, Reapers and Mowers, Hay Rakes and Forks, Malta Double Shovels, and Walking Cultivators.

**BARBED WIRE.**

## THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING

Will be finished in a few days and will open

**Monday, September 3rd,**

at 9 o'clock a. m., and

**ASKEW & EDWARDS**

Wish to inform you that they have added to their stock a new and complete stock of all kind of

**SCHOOL BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

Among which can be found a large assortment of School Bags, Straps, Tablets, Pencils, Rulers, Erasers, Slates, Pens, Inks and everything that is needed in the school room.

**WE WILL GIVE A RULER TO EACH PURCHASER OF A BOOK. COME EARLY.**

## BELL'S

**SCHOOL SHOES**

**FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

The greatest line of Children's School Shoes ever brought to Clarksville. Every pair warranted. by

J. E. BELL - "The Shoe Man"

## ATTENTION, COMRADES!

The Brave and Gallant are Our Guests.

The Roar of Cannon is Over, But the Echo of Days Past Comes Back Again.

Forbes' Bivouac Doing the Honors, Assisted by Clarksville City Guards

And a Band of Noble Women, Whose Ministering Services Have Blessed Mankind From the Beginning of the World.

The Day and its Doings are Here Including in Full the Speeches of Several Distinguished Veterans.

This has been a gala day for the survivors of the lost cause and many of the old soldiers who "fit, bled and some of them nearly died" for the establishment of their rights are here. They do not meet a revival of past issues but for a hearty hand shake and an exchange of those tender greetings which only men who have endured, side by side, the dangers privation and evils of war can feel and express. They are here by invitation of Forbes' Bivouac and that association is certainly doing itself credit in the manner of its entertainment. Clarksville is delighted to welcome these heroes and with one accord it is demanded that they have the freedom of the city. There has been music in the air all day and it will continue far into the night. This morning the sun came out with a bright smile for the occasion while the crisp autumn weather has been warmed into a bright genial atmosphere.

The late morning riser was aroused from his slumbers this morning by strains of martial music and the sound of military tread.

The first train from the north brought Caldwell's Bivouac from Russellville. When the train arrived the Bivouac was met at the depot by the Clarksville City Guards headed by the Clarksville band. The march was then made to town the rear of the procession being brought up by the Russellville band. On arrival at the court-house the Clarksville City Guards as a guard of honor formed in front of the Arlington and Caldwell's Bivouac were marched in a body to the Chancery court-room where for several minutes they were presented in person to the various members of Forbes' Bivouac. The Clarksville City Guards stacked arms in the court-yard, their arms remained under a sentinel until 9:15, when they were ordered to report to the court-house again to act as a guard escort for Cheatham's Bivouac and other visiting delegations from Nashville who were to arrive on the 10 o'clock train.

Caldwell's Bivouac which also marched to the depot to meet the Nashville delegation, is composed of the following members: G. R. Beall, president; J. B. Briggs, vice-president; G. T. Price, C. M. Swanson, W. S. Ludon, G. T. Morgan, J. M. Dale, R. Lyles, R. Small, Wm. Orr, J. H. McGinnis, W. O. Anderson, Geo. Settle, Green Clark, H. A. Sale, T. F. Small, W. R. Browder, W. M. Bryan, J. A. Peak, R. H. Caldwell, Alf Perry, Mac Penick, Wm. Frasier, L. W. Mason, J. T. Duffer, Frank Shipper, D. W. Caldwell, Wm. Fallen, J. W. White, J. E. Small, J. W. Johns, J. M. Beall, M. Valentine, Walker Kelly, W. B. McCarty, Joe Barkley, C. Cornelius, R. Gill, J. C. Campbell.

Train from Nashville was considerably late and it was after 11 o'clock, before the Nashville delegation, escorted by the Clarksville City Guards, the Clarksville band, the Caldwell Bivouac and Russellville band, arrived at the Court-house. During the interval the crowd was kept from becoming impatient by the rendition of several selections by Haydens band of Clarksville, whose services were gratuitously tendered as a special compliment to Forbes' Bivouac.

THE PROCESSION.

On arrival of the Nashville delegation, the procession was formed and marched to the tread of musical sound to the lovely grove surrounding Mr. Patrick Henry's beautiful place. The

Headed by the Clarksville band, and then came the Dixie Drum corps from Nashville, followed by the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, next came McEwen Bivouac of Franklin, followed by Caldwell's Bivouac in a body, followed by members of Forbes' Bivouac. The procession moved to Henry's grove where dinner was being prepared to accommodate the large crowd in attendance. Before the exercises were formally opened, there were several cannon salutes by the Nashville Artillery, while the band plaid Dixie and the old rebel yell went up again.

Capt. Polk G. Johnson called the crowd to order, and immediately the exercises were opened with a fervent prayer by Rev. Dr. C. Kelly, of Nashville.

CAPT. POLK JOHNSON'S SPEECH. After the close of Dr. Kelly's prayer, which met with a devout amen all over the audience, Capt. Johnson said:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow Comrades: The Confederate soldier who remained steadfast to the last, will always receive a hearty welcome from any people who value fortitude, devotion and self-sacrifice, for the facts of the struggle have already been recorded and will be handed down to the ages that follow.

The Confederates, with armies, first to last, of a little over 600,000 men, fought for four long years, the armies of the United States composed of 2,830,132 men, being two million, two hundred thousand more men and nearly five times their number.

It cost the Government of the United States to defeat them \$6,189,929,909 in money and the lives of 278,380 men. These figures may seem extravagant, but they are taken from the official records at Washington.

The glorious fields of battle upon which their banners waved in triumph, the eighty-two National cemeteries with their thousands of monuments erected to the memory of the brave Federal soldiers, the graves of more than a quarter of a million of men, and the annual expenditure now of \$80,000,000 in pensions, tell the earnestness of the struggle and the valor and courage of the Confederate soldiers.

The loss sustained in single battles are unparalleled in all the annals of war. The greatest loss sustained in any single battle on either side was that of the Twenty-Ninth North Carolina Regiment of Holt's Division at the battle of Gettysburg, where it lost eighty-two per cent.; that is, eighty-two men in every one hundred fell dead or wounded in this engagement. Many other regiments' loss in a single battle was from fifty to eighty per cent. Our own Quarries' Brigade in a single charge at the battle of Lick Skillet Road, Atlanta, lost fifty-two per cent., and the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment forty-three per cent. at the battle of Franklin.

In the charge of the Light Brigade, which has been immortalized by Tennyson, the loss was only thirty-six per cent., and the heaviest loss in a single battle in the Franco-Prussian war was that of the Sixteenth German Infantry, which was forty-nine per cent.

With such a record, history will take care of the motives which influenced the Confederates and accord them a patriotism worthy of their forefathers of '76. No thought or question of expediency was theirs. A great principle was involved, and they were willing to endure any hardship and make any sacrifice rather than surrender it. No compromise could have been made whereby they would give up their convictions. The leaders would never have consented, and the men in the ranks would never have submitted to it. So they fought for four long years, night and by day, half-fed and half-clothed. Their ranks were nearly destroyed, but not demoralized. If defeated to-day, new to-morrow. Their final overthrow came not by defeat in battle, for the army of Northern Virginia in its last battle at Appomattox drove the enemy two miles, capturing two cannon, and many prisoners, and the Army of Tennessee in its last battle, at Bentonville, defeated the enemy in every engagement, capturing its breastworks, four cannon, and nine hundred and three prisoners, and their killed and wounded exceeded four thousand. According to official reports the Confederates had fourteen thousand men and the Federals seventy thousand, the enemy having five times their number.

But they were compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. They preferred that their flag should go down by the irresistible force of the enemy, rather than yield one iota of the principle for which they began their struggle. They stood in line of battle as eager and ready for the fight on the last day of their military life, as they had on the first. Pending the negotiations between Generals Lee and Grant at Appomattox, Sheridan demanded the immediate surrender of Lieutenant-General John B. Gordon's command, which was in advance and engaged with the enemy, with the threat that in the event of a refusal his army would be annihilated. Gordon refused to surrender and invited the annihilation. The struggle ended, they returned to their homes, in the language of General Lee, "with the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed."

For such soldiers, the people of Montgomery county and the city of Clarksville have always a hearty welcome. A county which cast all of its votes except thirteen for separation, and a city which cast all but one. A county which furnished its full quota of troops to the Confederate Army, all of whom were volunteers, and whose dead heroes sleep on nearly every field of battle from Donelson to Gettysburg, nearly every family in the county having a representative.

But comrades, I am here to welcome you in the name of Forbes' Bivouac. What can I, shall I say. We have camped with you, marched with you, drunk from the same canteen with you, slept under the same blanket with you, laughed with you, wept with you, fought with you, bled with you, and surrendered with you. Welcome! a thousand times welcome to our homes and our hearts.

Welcome as a part of the old guards of the old South. The South that sought to elevate her sons in all that was great, true and good, that defended and protected the weak and feared not the strong; that cherished character more than reputation and bowed not to the God of Mammon; that taught "how much better is it to be poor and honest than gold, and to get

understanding, rather to be chosen than silver," that contended not for "the old flag and an appropriation," but for those undying and inalienable principles of government secured to them by their forefathers; that gave as in Statesmanship a Jefferson, whose principles of government have won the admiration of the world; in warfare a Lee, without a peer when the grandeur of his whole character as General, a man and a Christian is considered, and in science, a Maury, who sounded the depths of the sea and told of the winds and currents of the ocean.

The stars had secrets for him; seas revealed the depths their waves were screening; the winds gave up their mysteries, the tidal flows confessed their meaning.

Of oceans paths the tangled blue He taught the nations to unravel, And showed the trail where safely through The lightning-footed thought might travel.

Who, in all his scientific research, never forgot who was the author of the great volume which Nature spread before him and taught the harmony of science and revelation.

The pages of our nation's history are brightened where the names and deeds of her noble sons are recorded.

While we enjoy the pleasure of a social reunion to-day, after so many years of separation, we must not, and will not, forget our old companions who gave up their lives for the cause so dear to us all. They died in the dreaded hospital, on the weary march, on the lone picket post and in the shock of battle, but all freely gave up their lives for what they deemed the right. What nobler sacrifice does the world furnish than that of giving one's life for another or a cause. We witnessed their sufferings and trials and their triumphs, too, for to die nobly is to triumph. When we remember that the enemy was between them and their homes and loved ones, and know that they regarded home, country and liberty all at stake, who can doubt that the glorious inspiration of the breath of patriotism made them rather prefer death in the intense and exalted excitement of battle, than life with the defeat which awaited their companions. We will keep their memories fresh and green until we too shall "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

"Old comrades of mine, by the fast-waning years, That move to mortality's goal, By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears."

I hold you all fast in my soul;

And I march with the May, and its blossomy charm.

I tenderly lay on this sod

And pray they may rest there, old comrades

Even in arms.

Like a kiss of forgiveness from God."

After Capt. Johnson's very patriotic and eloquent address, Capt. Thos. H. Smith was introduced, and spoke as follows:

Comrades of Tennessee Division of Confederate Veterans:

Ladies and Gentlemen—Captain Johnson, on behalf of Forbes' Bivouac, has spoken to you words of welcome, to which the heart of every citizen of Clarksville most heartily responds. I come before you to-day delegated by the city authorities of Clarksville, to say in their name and on behalf of the citizens of our town, to bid you welcome to our homes, our hospitality, and the entire freedom of our city. The people for whom I speak have always been true and loyal to their convictions of right, and when war between the States was brought upon them, they espoused the cause of the South, were true and loyal to that cause so long as it existed, and yet hold sacred the memories of those days of trial and suffering. Among the first to respond to the call for men, Clarksville and Montgomery county organized and equipped her sons, and sent them forth to join their brothers from other portions of the State in defence of our cause. Our people were early brought to face the stern realities of war, the horrors of battle, when from Donelson our mothers, wives and sisters, with a devotion only born of woman, received and cared for the mangled forms of the wounded heroes of that bloody field, swallowing their tears, not knowing but the next hour would bring their own loved ones, mangled or dead. Among the first people of our State to fall under the rule of their then enemies, with all the annoyances that rule implied, they were still true. Oppressed, but not conquered, they again equipped and sent forth their loved ones to battle on the field of Riggall's Lane, from which bloodless field they gladly received their own again—unhurt. These people, animated by the same spirit which carried them through those trying times, welcome you to-day as representatives of the manhood of Tennessee and the chivalry of Kentucky, feeling that in honoring you, we honor ourselves and the memories of our own loved ones, whose graves mark the battle fields of the entire South and the prison pens of the North. Again we bid you welcome.

Capt. Smith's speech was brief, but was received with a round of applause.

Capt. Jno. W. Morton, the Captain of the celebrated Morton's battery and Chief of Forrest's Artillery, was next presented to the audience and spoke most feelingly as follows:

Ladies, Friends and Comrades:

In returning thanks of the visiting comrades for the patriotic and felicitous addresses of welcome you have just heard, allow me to say that it is beyond my power to adequately give expression to the thoughts that would be appropriate at this time.

This occasion inaugurated for the purpose of preserving reminiscences, is in itself historical. It marks in the history of us all, my comrades, the first time many of you have seen these hills and vales since we were on march from Bowling Green to Fort Donelson. Then in the lusty strength of youth now with gray locks and many memories.

The war of guns reverberates no more on the air, the deeds of daring have passed away; the cause that mustered us, then, no longer lifts its banner to the sun. The hum of peaceful industry is now on the breeze; the hands grasp the implements of varied pursuits, but learn war no more. The boys are in touch of elbow under the flag of a reunited country.

The muster is no longer martial, but social; the intent is no longer hostile but benevolent; we here swing no censer before the altar of war; we breathe no note of that spirit which learns nothing and forgets nothing; we are not massed here to raise the mendicant cry for help for our disabled comrades. We are here to congratulate each other that we can take care of those who are wrecked in the storms of this world's adversity; save them from destitution in life and give them honorable burial in death. Our's is a mission of benevolence and fraternity. Proud and poor, independent and manly, the Confederate is illustrating his integrity

and self-maintenance in peace, just as he made his devotion illustrious on a thousand fields in war.

Our banners bear names well known and dear to us. First, the dim eye of the veteran will see in this column the name of Frank Cheatham floating on the silken air of peace, as calmly as if it had never known the tempest of battle; next, Forbes and Leonada, Polk and McEwen and Ingram; Daniel S. Donelson and Woldridge and Frierson and McDonald and Palmer, give name and identity, here, to bivouacs of men who have seen the camp-fires in eleven States, glitter along the line of battle that divided a continent, like fire-flies on a summer's night. From the little gathering at Nashville on a winter's eve last December, behold how great a fire has been kindled? Twelve hundred strong. Within this circle of flame no standard dares come; no self-seeker will ever prostitute our glorious standard to base uses. In the mantling goblet of our friendship, there is not a drop of political slime, nor of the venom, sectional hate. Here Old Mortality cleanses the mossy marble, that the legend of our dead comrades' honor may be plainly read, and rears the stone to the memory of our unknown dead.

We vindicate the truth of history and lay the chaplet of unfading glory upon the brow of the Confederate Soldier.

But not alone am I called upon to accept welcome from comrades; the keys of the proud city of Clarksville have been laid at our feet. Her hands have woven a wreath for the boys in gray, and the hands that wove it are of Montgomery's fair daughters. The dearest welcome of all, comes from eyes and hearts of our women.

When did the Southern girl ever forget us, and my comrades when can we ever forget her. We may have been conquered, she was not. Her hand bound up the wounds of war; her voice gave courage to the fainting heart. It is to the women of the South that she owes her rapid rehabilitation, all honor and love to her, the fairest and bravest and best gift of God to man.

Capt. Morton had remarked to a comrade just before being introduced to the audience, that he had much rather face a battle than an audience, but before his speech was half finished, the audience were of the opinion that he could face a crowd with the same boldness which characterized meetings with the enemy.

Gen. Basil W. Duke, Morgan's right hand bower, was next introduced by Col. Young, but his remarks were interrupted for a time by the intrusion of one of the bands which seemed compelled to turn its melodious strains loose. When quiet was restored, Gen. Duke said:

More than a score of years have rolled away since the great contest was lost and won. We look back upon it as we might remember another existence. Our reminiscences of those days of ardent convictions burning impulse and earnest efforts are becoming dimmed as time and age creep on us. That which was once a vivid and glowing reality seems now scarcely more tangible than "the stuff that dreams are made of," as we gaze on it reflected in the mirror of memory. And, indeed, the difference between dream life and every day existence, between the world we know and a world we can imagine, is hardly more distinct and positive than the contrast between the life before and during the war and that of the present day. The political consequences of that great convulsion are scarcely perceptible, now that the dangers threatened during the years of so-called reconstruction except in so far as they merely sectional ideas, aims and interests find little if any expression in political declaration and action; but never before, in modern history—save by the revolution which destroyed abolition and aristocracy in France, and obliterated every trace of feudal influence—has so complete a social transformation been effected.

We who saw the beginning, progress and conclusion of the great controversy can not regard it as we did when intoxicated with its inspiration. Removed from the period of actual strife by almost the life of a generation we can realize clearly now what we could not then discern, that while the causes which induced it were restless, the results which came out of it were, in the nature of things, inevitable. The sectional pride and partisan bitterness which impelled the conflict, the passionate patriotism which urged men on, both sides into that terrible struggle, silenced for the time all other suggestions. In the agonies of hope and fear with which that war was waged; in the fierce grapple when the spirit of battle was upon us, we could hear no voice save that which bade stern aggression on the one side, or stubborn resistance on the other; could listen to no counsel which did not stimulate combat and promise victory. But the survivor, Federal or Confederate, of that fiery ordeal, who can still cherish the angry thrill of conflict; who fails to recognize the wise dispensation which preserved the Union and the good Providence which protected constitutional liberty in saving the South from subjugation, is strangely lacking in appreciation of the true meaning and moral of the great historic drama he has witnessed.

The generation which has grown to manhood since the war is subject to influences so unlike to those which produced it; lives under social conditions so changed and different that, while it may reverse the efforts and sacrifices, it can scarcely understand the motives of the men who fought and fell. The very fact that the issues submitted then are all tried and determined, the questions in contention all settled, the problems which the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the establishment of the Union had left unsolved have been removed by the decision of the sword from the region of disputed construction, renders it almost impossible for those who see only the adjustment to comprehend the difficulties through which that adjustment was attained. He who knows this country only as it is now, the fierce debate which agitated and well nigh divided it ended; its animosities allayed, the wounds of war all healed, and the blessed influences of peace fast obliterating even the scars, can understand the agony through which it has passed as little as the stranger who gazes for the first time on some beautiful landscape can realize the blood and toil which won it from the wilderness.

Much of the crimination which each side has visited on the other has been induced by the very honesty and intensity of the conviction which both entertained. The actors in the passionate periods of history are too thoroughly persuaded that the purpose with

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